Child's Garden of Verses

Bubble Book

Singing

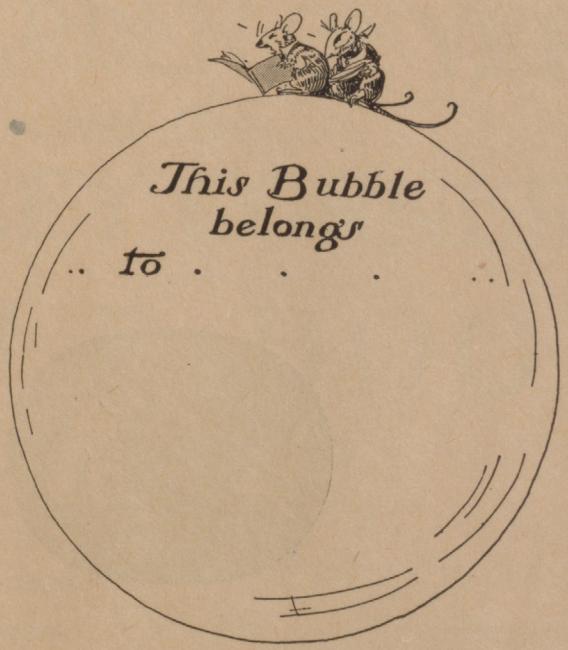
Robert Louis Stevenson's

Bed in Summer ~ The Swing ~ My Bed is a Boat ~

Story by Ralph Mayhew & Burges Johnson ~ Pictures by Rhoda Chase

McGILL
UNIVER-
SITY
LIBRARY

R.C.


This Bubble
belongs
to . . . .

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MARCA INDUSTRIAL REGISTRADA

The CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES *and the* CHIMNEY CORNER

BUBBLE BOOKS *that sing*

Music by

Bed in Summer	*Ethelbert Nevin*	The North Wind Doth Blow
The Swing	*Liza Lehmann*	The Sandman
My Bed is a Boat	*Cissie Loftus*	Old Lullaby

Story by

Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

Pictures by

Rhoda Chase

Victor Talking Machine Company

Publishers

The selection of music for the songs in this series of "Bubble Books that Sing" has been made only after consulting every available source. The various versions have been sought out, compared and considered in order that the "Bubble Books that Sing" might be good and true—with always an authentic as well as an attractive version of each song.

Thanks are due The Boston Music Company for permission to use the music by Ethelbert Nevin for "Bed in Summer"; Boosey and Company for permission to use the music by Liza Lehmann for "The Swing." The music by Cissie Loftus for "My Bed is a Boat" is used by courtesy of the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, owners of the copyright.

Patented by Ralph Mayhew, Aug. 7, 1917
Other patents pending
Copyright by Harper & Brothers, 1922
Copyright by Victor Talking Machine Company, 1924
International Copyright secured

Made in the United States of America

Bubble Books *that sing*

YOU have read, my dears, of the magic toy
That a fairy gave to a little boy.
How it brought him playmates the whole day long
Who made him happy with game and song.
Day after day his pipe he sought
And romped with the old-time friends it brought.
One day as his bedtime hour drew near
The little boy sighed to himself: "Oh dear!
My fairy pipe I must put away
In some safe place till another day.
I have to hide it away myself.
It can spend the night on the mantel shelf."
So he stood on the seat of the highest chair
And he smiled at himself in the mirror there.
Like a magic bubble so round and wide
It floated high with himself inside.
"Now if you were Little Boy Blue," thought he,
"You would come from that bubble and sing to me."

As he hid his pipe and was climbing down,
His godmother, clad in a silvery gown,
Stepped out of the mirror before his eyes
And laughed at his look of great surprise.
"I just dropped in for a call," cried she.
"Have you any favors to ask of me?"
"O fairy dear," said the little lad,
"You've no idea of the fun I've had
With all of the friends your gift can bring,
Each one with a song of his own to sing.
But when I am here by myself alone
Why have I no song of my very own?"
"Tut! tut! my child," said the fairy dame,
"There's many a song that you may claim,
And some were made by a wizard fine
Whose magic power was greater than mine.
Here's a bedtime song from his wondrous store.
To-morrow your pipe will bring two more."
And then, in the deepening twilight there
A bubble floated into the air,
And from it a song came sweet and clear,
That all little boys and girls should hear.

The Song the Bubble Sang

BED IN SUMMER

By Robert Louis Stevenson
Music by Ethelbert Nevin

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

The room was dark when the song was through,
And the bubble was gone, and the fairy, too.
And the little boy drowsed, with a nodding head,
Till Somebody carried him off to bed. . . .

When the day peeped in with its wakening beam
The little boy thought it was all a dream.
His dressing and breakfast all seemed too slow—
Then he hurried to find his pipe and go
Out to his favorite garden swing
To learn a new song of his own to sing.
Up he swung 'neath the apple trees,
Helped by a friendly summer breeze—
Up to the boughs and then down he'd go,
"Letting it die" to a motion slow.
Then he blew a bubble and sent it high,
And, sure enough, as it wafted by
Another song through the air came singing
That kept in time with his gentle swinging.

COPYRIGHT
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
Victor
'ne
The Swing
215-B
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N.J.
THIS RECORD IS PATENTED BY THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENT, OWNED BY THIS COMPANY: NO. 896,035 DATED AUGUST 11, 1908.
215B

COPYRIGHT
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
Victor
W SC
Bed in Summer
215-A
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N.J.
THIS RECORD IS PATENTED BY THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENT, OWNED BY THIS COMPANY: NO. 896058, DATED AUGUST 11, 1908.

RHODA·CHASE

THE SWING

By Robert Louis Stevenson
Music by Liza Lehmann

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall
  Till I can see, so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside—

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

And all day long when his pipe he blew
He wished, and the bubbles would sing these two—
The song of the swing with its swaying rhyme
Or the song of the winter and summer time.
"Two songs of my own!" said the lad with glee,
"But my fairy godmother promised three."
This thought he was always wondering at—
"Could my fairy make a mistake like that?"
And even that night as he climbed in bed
The question troubled his sleepy head.
When his light was out and they'd closed the door
He thought, "I will try it just one time more."
So he felt for his pipe that was hid away—
Beneath his pillow it safely lay.
He watched a wonderful bubble grow
That filled the room with a rosy glow;
And as it floated, now bright, now dim,
It sang the third of his songs to him.

RHODA · CHASE ·

The Song the Bubble Sang

MY BED IS A BOAT

By Robert Louis Stevenson
Music by Cissie Loftus

My bed is like a little boat;
  Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
  And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
  Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
  And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
  As prudent sailors have to do:
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
  Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer:
  But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
  I find my vessel fast.

With the end of the bubble's rosy gleams
The little boy drifted away to dreams,
Where sometimes he seemed in a swing to float,
And sometimes he sailed in a fairy boat.
But whether awake or whether asleep
Those songs are ever his own to keep.
And some day their music will lead him to
The Garden of Verses wherein they grew.

End of the
CHILD'S GARDEN BUBBLE BOOK

Victor
My Bed is a Boat
216-A
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N.J.
THIS RECORD IS PATENTED BY THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENT, OWNED BY THIS COMPANY: NO. 856,059, DATED AUGUST 6, 1907.
216-A

COPYRIGHT
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
Victor
his
The North Wind
Doth Blow
216-B
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N.J.
THIS RECORD IS PATENTED BY THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENT, OWNED BY THIS COMPANY: NO. 896095, DATED AUGUST 11, 1908.

WHEN supper was over, at close of day
On the rug by the fire a little boy lay;
For he had been good and could stay up late
And watch the logs in the glowing grate.
With now a sputter and now a flare
The yellow flames darted here and there.
And into each corner where firelight strayed,
Quaint little shadows danced and played.
The bright sparks flew to the chimney wide,
And the little boy watched them, sleepy-eyed.
Then above the crackle, another sound
In the night outside made the lad look 'round.
"There never are sounds like that by day,"
He thought to himself in a puzzled way.

But he kept quite still in his cozy spot
And the noise he had heard he soon forgot;
Then he turned his eyes once more to dwell
On the flickering firelight's mystic spell.
And a bright little object caught his glance
Where it lay on the hearth as if by chance.
"Why, that is my magic pipe!" he cried,
"The pipe that I've searched for, far and wide.
Does it still blow bubbles that sing to me,
And answer my thoughts? I must try and see."
But just as he seized it from the floor
He heard that curious sound once more,
Like a hurrying Someone who tried in vain
In passing to tap on the windowpane.
"Now what," he wondered, "flies by so fast,
And where is it bound as it hurries past?"
He picked up his pipe and began to blow
A bubble that gleamed in the firelight glow.
A-quiver with color it slowly grew,
And in it a little robin flew.
While out of the chimney, clear and strong,
Like the voice of the wind, there came a song.

RHODA CHASE.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh, do you not know,
He's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing?
In his hive he will stay
Till the cold's passed away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball
In his nest snug and small
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then, poor things?
When lessons are done
They'll jump, skip, and run,
And that's how they'll keep themselves warm, poor things!

The fire burned lower, the sparks lay dead,
And the little boy nodded his sleepy head.
And he dreamily thought, as he lay once more
Before the hearth on the playroom floor:
"This may be Wind's bedtime—he couldn't stay,
Because the Sandman called him away.
From the way I'm feeling, I think, may be,
It's time that Sandman was after me!"
So the lad drowsed on, with his chin on his hand,
And pictured an elf with a bag of sand.
"I never have seen him! I wonder why?
And now," thought the lad, "is my chance to try.
If I send for him now I can get a peep
Before he has time to put me to sleep!"
So the little boy picked up his pipe, and then
He wished his wish as he blew again.
The bubble grew and it grew and grew,
And the fire glow lighted it up all through.
And the little boy laughed while he hid behind
The largest cushion that he could find.
For there in the midst of the floating sphere
He saw a strange little man appear
Who carried a sack—and the queer little elf
Began to sing this song of himself.

RHODA CHASE

The Song the Sandman Sang

THE SANDMAN

The flow'rets all sleep soundly
  Beneath the moon's bright ray;
They nod their heads together
  And dream the night away.
The budding trees wave to and fro,
  And murmur soft and low:
Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my little one!

Now see the little Sandman
  At the window shows his head.
He looks for all good children
  Who ought to be in bed;
And as each weary pet he spies,
  Throws sand into its eyes.
Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my little one!

While the little man sang, most strange to say,
The nursery toys all began to play
And dance about in the flickering light.
From his hiding place where he watched the sight
The little boy called when the song was done:
"Hello, Mr. Sandman! See the fun
My toys are having; but this won't do;
It's time they were all in dreamland, too!
Oh, lend me your sand to put them to sleep
And I'll give you my pipe, but not to keep."
"That's a bargain, my lad," the Sandman said,
"Although when I come it is time for bed."
With a wee pinch here and a wee pinch there
The sand was soon scattered everywhere;
And soon there wasn't a bit of noise
From a single one of the sleeping toys.
"It's your turn now," said the little man.
"You must go to bed as quick as you can.
But first this pipe of yours I'll try,
And bring you a good old lullaby."

COPYRIGHT
Victor
Old Lullaby
217-B
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N.J.
THIS RECORD IS PATENTED BY THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENT, OWNED BY THIS COMPANY: NO. 898059, DATED AUGUST 11, 1908.

COPYRIGHT
Victor
pip
The Sandman
217-A
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N.J.
THIS RECORD IS PATENTED BY THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENT, OWNED BY THIS COMPANY: NO. 896054 DATED AUGUST 11, 1908.

RHODA
CHASE

The Song the Bubble Sang

OLD LULLABY

When little Birdie bye-bye goes,
  Quiet as mice in churches,
He puts his head where no one knows;
  On one leg he perches.

When little Baby bye-bye goes,
  On Mamma's arm reposing,
Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
  Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep,
  Tail and nose together,
Then little mice around her creep,
  Lightly as a feather.

When little Baby goes to sleep,
  And he is very near us,
Then on tip-toe softly creep,
  That Baby may not hear us.
Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby!

There must have been magic in that song,
For, though it couldn't have lasted long,
The little boy found himself snug in bed
With the Sandman standing beside his head.
And into the bag he plunged his hand
And threw in the air a pinch of sand.
Then he suddenly faded away from sight
With a chuckling laugh and a faint, "Good night!"

End of the
CHIMNEY CORNER BUBBLE BOOK

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J., U. S. A., Printed September, 1924—Part No. 15211—IXA

351949H

Singing
The North Wind
doth blow
The Sandman
Old Lullaby

Chimney Corner Bubble Book

Story by Ralph Mayhew
& Burges Johnson
Pictures by Rhoda Chase